EIGHTEENTH CENTURY INERTIA AND FERMENTATION

SOCIAL ENGLAND. A Record of the Progress of the People in Religion, Laws, Learning, Arts, Industry, Commerce, Science, Literature and Manners, from the Earliest Times to the Pres-ent Day, By Various Writers, Edited by H. D. Traill, D. C. L. Volume V. From the Acces-sion of George I to the Battle of Waterloo, Octavo, pp. viii, 636. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Traill observes in the fifth volume of his admirable bird's-eye history of Ergland that the eighteenth century in that country cannot be summed up in a formula. This is true enough, the time having witnessed some most complex developments in the life and manners of Great Britain. It is useful to be reminded of this fact, since a frequent disposition is noticed among modern writers to assemble all eighteenth century history under one characterization of rather acidulated, cynical, flippant and arid feeling. Yet when the broad truth of Mr. Traill's contention has been recognized, it needs to be qualified. One note is undoubtedly struck by the eighteenth century, one of preparation and transition, and this is keenly felt in spite of the singular inertia which for so long a time held so many of the social and economic movements of England in check. The age could produce statesmen of capital importance like the first Earl of Chatham and his son, but it is significant that the peculiar mission of the younger Pitt, whose labors covered a momentous period in the history of the nation, was to set the Hanoverlan house in order, after a long period of confusion and unrest. He never had a clear field, with abundant resources upon which to draw. He had to deal with tangles at home and abroad, and to accomplish his ends with material itself in need of reform.

There are few things more picturesque, spite of the mediocrity of many of the figures involved, than the long struggle of George III for what may fairly be called a purification of cabinet methods. It was not so much actual turpitude that he was fighting as an arid political principle. Had he triumphed in the famous election of 1784 with a statesman less enlightened than the younger Pitt it is not improbable that his ardent wish for cabinet reform would have caused him to leave the minis ters even less authority than they deserved. But Pitt was playing a wise game, and as Mr. Hassall points out, while the royal power seeme i to triumph it was nevertheless the opening of a new era in popular government for which Pitt stood. Thus the reign of George III may be said to signalize the emergence of the Nation from an era of stagnation and even retrogression upon one of slow but steady progress. The present volume extends to the year 1815 and the Battle of Waterloo, thus bringing the reader

to the verge of England's most fruitful years. Mr. Traill's compendious work is dedicated to social England, and the development of the arts and manners of the Nation is treated as fully as its foreign and domestic politics. Here again you may find a number of imposing figures, Johnson in literature, Reynolds in art, Jenner in science, Arkwright and Watt in invention, and men such as Bakewell and Arthur Young, who contributed enormously to the advancement of agriculture. Yet it may be doubted if taken all together the genius of England was expressing itself conclusively so much as it was feeling its way toward a perfect manifestation in the nineteenth century. Great achievements in one field or another were peculiarly sporadic. None sprang from any broad stream of development. This, which might be natural enough in the arts, is more striking when it is observed in connection with the agricultural growth of the country. One would think that this growth, being identified with the very bone and sinew of England. would have been widespread, unbroken and prosperous. But Bakewell, with his extraordinary experiments in the breeding of sheep. strikes us as an isolated phenomenon, a man whose exploits were approached by few of his contemporaries, and, besides, it was in the improvement and cultivation of small holdings that English farming needed impetus. Establishments like Bakewell's could not do much to better the condition of farmers generally, and Nation to so administer their estates that the number if inclosures would be increased and the enrichment of the whole soil be systematically accelerated. It is customary to talk about the continuity of English land development, the wellgroomed landscape impressing many modern observers with the comfortable idea that the chief one of the British Islands has been a kind of garden spot since the beginning of things. Mr. Prothero's chapters in the book before us show that all through the eighteenth century the peasant class suffered from a scattered and imperfect development of agricultural possibilities. It should be mentioned at this point that among all the experts engaged upon the production of this historical mosaic there are few who base their work upon wider knowledge or color it with more enthusiasm than Mr. Prothero reveals. His is not a subject that could be called exactly inspiring, yet he keeps close to the human side of his material and indicates with notable skill the filtration of sound ideas down from the larger proprietors to the lesser farmers and the agricultural population in general.

The literary questions involved in the period discussed within this book suffer at the outse in their representation from being left to the doubtful mercles of Mr. Saintsbury. He has rarely been more infelicitous than in his estimates of Pope and Johnson as set forth upon this occasion. He sees in the former only the "waspish" creature of conventional criticism. misses altogether Pope's inspiration, what Mr. Traill calls "the aerial fantasy and gossamer grace of his inventions, and the intoxicating efrvescence of his verse." But the writer of that happy characterization himself takes up the literary thread at an important point, and though it is to be regretted that he could not have wreaked himself also upon Sheridan and Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, and the novelists, especially Fielding, he offers compensation in a brilliant excursus on Gibbon, and an equally penetrating sketch of Burke. Where he is perhaps cal Ballads" and the poetle movement which is possibly the most appropriate of all introductions nto the spirit of the nineteenth century. The old cry of Fletcher of Saltoun comes to mind as the transition of the eighteenth century into the nineteenth is accomplished in England. The destinies of the Nation were moulded by the soldiers and law-makers, but they were expressed by the poets, and the more eloquent passages in the book before us are those which deal with the subtle simplicity of Wordsworth, the philosophic intuitions of Coleridge, and the rising influence of Byron and Scott.

The manners of England did not keep pace with her march forward in other directions There is certainly nothing to admire in the macaronic absurdities which were typified by Horace Walpole, and though he came to see the errors of hir ways, and though Fox himself grew to regret his fopperies, dressing like a sloven where once he had dressed like a dandy, there is not traceable from Hogarth's day to Lawrence's a really fine style in dress and deportment. The sitters of Sir Joshua and his most famous successor were among the most graceful and bestbred patricians in English history, but the urbane carriage which is so delightful in the portraits of the time seems to have been restricted to fortunate strata among the nobility. Society in general was artificial when it was not boorgross when it was not mincing. Gambling was kept up on a great scale until as late as 1796, and what a gentleman did not lose at the

him in the street on his way home. Public highways were unsafe until the present century had begun to run its course, and throughout England society was in a backward state. uncertain of its own desires, full of febrile excitement, imitative but not discriminating, fashionable but lacking in the repose of a truly great social world. The greatness, however, was in view, and if there is much to condemn in the manners of the eighteenth century there is much also to admire; there is the loosening of intellectual bonds, the development of political intelligence, the deepening of interest in things that pertain to human progress. The revolution in France shocked Englishmen from a state of stagnation not unlike that of the Mrs. Horry waked the General, took him to the back door, pointed down the long garden-walk to the creek at its foot, and told him to swim to the island opposite and lie there in the rushes until the English left—she would meet the enemy! "He was off like a wild duck," as Mrs. Horry of like a wild duck," as Mrs. Horry of like a wild duck, as Mrs. Horry of like a wild like a duck swam the stream and lay hid in the reeds until daylight came, when he made his way up the river to rejoin his men.

The lady in the mean while opened the front door (carefully closing those behind her), and met Tarleton face to face. Search was made, Mrs. Horry one. When that volume appears it tracks of the main troop had in the mean while French nobles. On both sides of the Channel a new day dawned with the proclamation of an epoch of ideas. During the period covered 1815, the Nation was struggling for existence among the furious changes of European politics, but with Waterloo the situation began to improve. Mr. Traill's next volume will bring the story down to the general election of 1885. and the triumphant note which may be expected to recur through the work is familiar to every one. When that volume appears it will terminate a valuable undertaking. Such a history as this is necessarily a collection of fragments, with all the spasmodic character that this implies, yet Mr. Traill has minimized the breaks in the work, making it, on the whole, continuous, and certainly so lucid that the student need never fear that he will go astray in its pages.

THREE AMERICAN WOMEN.

ELIZA PINCKNEY. By Harriot Herry Ravenel. 12mo. Pp. 331. Charles Scribner's Sons.

LIFE IN COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY

MERCY WARREN. By Alice Brown, 12mo. Pp. 317. Charles Scribner's Sons. DOLLY MADISON By Mand Wilder Goodwin. 12mo, Pp. 287, Charles Scribner's Sons. The three volumes under review belong to the

pleasant series of "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times," and essay to present not only portraits of the ladies whose names they bear, but also careful pictures of the social life of their period. In this effort Mrs. Ravenel is more successful than her coadjutors, for, unlike them, she has been able to draw upon an exceedingly interesting collection of family letters and a rich store of family legends for the domestic details which give color and movement to her work. She has, moreover, a simple, agreeable, unobtrusive literary style and this is more than can be said of Mrs. Goodwin and Miss Brown, so far as these particular books of

Miss Brown, so far as these particular books of theirs are concerned.

The three women who are the subjects of these biographies were of widely differing types. Miss Lucas was the daughter of an English officer, a Royalist Governor, and was educated in England. She was already a well-bred young woman of many accomplishments, carefully trained in the ways of the social world, when her mother's delicate health led Lieutenant-Colonel Lucas to transfer his family from the trying of dislodging the British but by burning it to of fort, having surrounded it by a high stockade, and keeping regular guard. It thus formed one of a semi-circle of fortified posts, extending from Charles Town to Augusta, and its name of "St. Joseph's" was changed to "Fort Motte."

The langlish occupied the large house as a sort of fort, having surrounded it by a high stockade, and keeping regular guard. It thus formed one of a semi-circle of fortified posts, extending from Charles Town to Augusta, and its name of "St. Joseph's" was changed to "Fort Motte."

The langlish occupied the large house as a sort of fort, having surrounded it by a high stockade, and keeping regular guard. It thus formed one of a semi-circle of fortified posts, extending from Charles Town to Augusta, and its name of "St. Joseph's" was changed to "Fort Motte."

The Lenglish occupied the large house as a sort of fort, having surrounded it by a high speckade, and keeping regular guard. It thus formed for a kee in the ways of the social world, when her mother's delicate health led Lieutenant-Colonel Lucas to transfer his family from the trying of dislodging the British but by burning it to climate of the West Indies to a South Carolina plantation. The girl might have been sister to Harriot Byron or Clarissa Harlowe, except that she had a vigorous common-sense and an executive ability which those young ladies could not boast. Mercy Otis Warren was the child of several generations of New-England Puritans. one who had few social graces and little systematic training, but who had unusual intellectual power, and who lived in an atmosphere of respect for intellectual things and patriotic feeling. As for Miss Dorothy Payne, the young Virginian who became Mrs. Madison, the easy way in which everybody has called her "Dolly" defines clearly enough, perhaps, the kind of woman she was. A little Quaker, a country maiden, who had a trifle of reading, writing and arithmetic, her patent of ladyhood was based on a sweet nature, a kind heart and enviable gifts of tact and manner. The family records left by Mrs. (Lucas) Pinck-

pey contribute to form a valuable record of life (Mrs. Horry's daughter), adds some details, and in South Carolina in the eighteenth century. The charming young English girl became the mainstay of her mother's household and estates when Papa Lucas went to Antigua to rule that island for the King. She made many rule that island for the King she made many rule that island for the king wooden needles on which the ladies of that the wood from their own flocks, which they or their maids had spun) I have she made many rule that island for the King she made many rule that island for the King she made many rule that island for the king wooden needles on which the ladies of that the wood from their own flocks, which they or their maids had spun) I have she made many rule that island for the king wooden needles on which the ladies of that the wood from their own flocks, which they or their maids had spun) I have a state of the many rule that the many a used to despair of getting the landlords of his larly in indigo-and conducted in prompt and thorough fashion the business of three large plantations worked by many slaves. She was withal a gentle and very feminine creature, one been sufficiently proved in other work, suffers, of the most obedient of daughters, and later in the volume named above, from the paucity of a most reverential wife to the middle-aged historical detail concerning Mercy Warren. She widower whom, in her twenty-first year, she has done her best to make conjecture and anmarried. Some of the most amusing passages | alogy supply the place of record and tradition. in the biography are taken from the notes she It is small wonder that the result should be wrote to him in the honeymoon-notes in which she addresses her bridegroom as "Dear Sir," and quotes highly didactic lines dutifully ascribed to "Pope." She was nothing if not literary and instructive. When their first-born had been only three months in the world she was ordering pedagogic material from London, and before he was two years old he knew all his letters and had begun to spell. In after years General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney declared that this early teaching nearly made a very stupid fellow of him; and it was observed that he never allowed his own children to be taught

until they attained a reasonable age. An interesting portion of this book is that dealing with the discomforts and dangers incurred by his Spartan mother during the Revolution. She had long been a widow, and had managed most prudently for herself and her children the large estate left by her husband. All her training had been that of a lovalist but she gave no advice to her sons and attempted no influence in a political direction, and before the end of the war, in which they both fought on the American side, she had made their cause her own. What of their property the British did not burn and otherwise destroy or steal was hardly worth mention. Even the slaves disappeared, for be it remembered that the King's officers turned many a pretty penny by exporting American negroes to the West Indies. Charleston was a very uncomfortable place for the colonial gentry at that time. Charles Pinckney's wife and children were most serviceable is in his criticism of the "Lyri- turned out of their house, suffering thus with the owners of many others of the handsomest dwellings.

One lady, whose sister was dying upstairs, refused to illuminate according to order, and found herself on the doorstep with her infant in her arms. Others, for some sharp speech or angry word (natural enough, poor souls), had soldiers quartered in their best rooms, while they were sent to the garrets. Two sisters who remonstrated against some order were thrown into the dungeon under the old postoffice, with the worst felons of the town. It was no worse treatment than is met in other wars, but these people had dwelt in peace for many years, and the cruelties were inflicted by men who but a short time before had been their friends and countrymen—and it was hard. untrymen-and it was hard

a short time before had been their friends and countrymen—and it was hard

Worse still were the overtures of friendship. Ladies were literally "bidden" to balls. If their refusal was too marked or persistent ingenious ways of retaliation were found. Policy compelled a certain (very carefully guarded) acceptance of civilities.

These sufferers were the "true patriots." Then there were open British sympathizers, who for various reasons had remained in this country. Of them there was little to be said. Their side had won, and they had a right to rejoice. But there were also those weak souls who loved amusement and could not resist a "pretty fellow," whether he wore a blue coat or a red one. The contemptuous scorn for these feeble folk lasted while they lived. One old lady who must have been near a hundred when she died (a very respectable woman) used to be pointed out to the young people; "We don't think much of Miss X.——, my dear. Quite too fond of the British officers."

The plantations near the city were raided continually, and of one of these descents on Pinck-

Harry, was the heroine, and Francis Marion, "Swamp Fox," the hero.

The tradition is that late one evening, her children being asleep, Mrs. Horry heard the sound of horse noofs, and then a man's voice begging admission at the door. It was Marion, who, having made an unsuccessful attack on the British near Georgetown, was now in turn pursued by them. His men had gone on to where a bridge crossed the Wambaw Creek a few miles off, in order to make their way to the Santee Swamp, which was their stronghold. Marion, worn out and exhaust ed had come to ask ed, had come to ask a supper and a lodging, and would follow them in the morning. Supper was prepared as rapidly as might be, but while it was cooking the weary man sank into a sleep in his chair. Suddenly came the tramp of horses, the lang of steel scabbards. The British were upon

tracks of the main troop had in the mean while been found, and the soldiers hurried off, taking horses, etc., but not stopping to plunder much. Colonel Tarteton ate the supper prepared for Marion, "requesting" Mrs. Horry to act as hostess, and carried off himself (perhaps in order to prove the polish to which he pretended) a fine volume of Milton, of a beautiful Baskerville edi-tion, bound in crimson and gold. The second volume of Aliton, of a beautiful basser, section, bound in crimson and gold. The secon volume and the chair in which Marion slept ar kent as relies of the story.

The other visitation was more serious in its

esults. It was the earliest recollection of Mrs. inckney's granddaughter, the little Harriott Pinckney's granddaugater, the little Harriott Pinckney Horry (who was afterward to marry Governor Rutledge's son) then between four and five years old. She said that there were many people in the house—her father, who had come home from camp her uncle. Major Pinckney, and his wife, and others. She herself was sleering in a little cot at the foot of her grandmother's bed (Mrs. Pinckney's), when she was awakened by a loud noise and screams. The door flew open and a beautiful girl rushed into the room, crying. 'Oh. Mrs. Pinckney, save me, save me'. The British are coming after me.' The old ladystepped from the bed tone can fancy her majestic in bedgown and kerchief!) and, pushing the girl under her own bedelothes, said. 'Lie there, girl under her own bedelothes, said: "Lie there, and no man will dare to trouble you"; and "such The young girl was offered no further insult." The young girl was the sister of Mrs. Pinckney's daughter-in-law, the beautiful Mary Motte, afterward Mrs. Will-iam Alston. Her portrait, which hangs in the old Mile: Brewton house, still remains.

What patrictic self-devotion the South Caroline women were capable of is shown in a story teld of Mrs Motte, the mother of Thomas Pinckney's wife. She and her daughters were ordered out of her own house, a large new one, to an outbuilding some distance off. The English occupied the large house as

the ground. Instead of remonstrating or la-menting Mrs. Motte instantly agreed to the sacrifice, and said that she would herself provide the means of setting it on fire. She produced ans of setting it on fire. She produced the top of an old wardrobe" a quiver of man, to her brother, Miles Brewton, and had on his death come into her possession. She explained their ure to Colonel Lee, who, sending his sharpshooters into the tail trees about, made them fire the acrows from their rifles to the shingle roof. The flames burst out, and the English soldiers flew to extinguish them; but the riflemen picked off every man as he ap-peared, and in a few moments the white flag of peared, and in a few moments to surrender was hung out. Then both parties joined in extinguishing the flames, and the body of the house was saved. More singular is it that the officers of both parties dined together that evening with Mrs. Motte, who received all with equal courtesy. Marlon, Lee and John with equal courtesy. with equal courtesy. Mark Eager Howard were present.

ger Howard were present.

The manuscript from which this account is ken is by the eldest grandson of Mrs. Mette.

C. Pinckney, esq. His counsin, Mrs. Rutledge

Motte always used the case which bad Thomas Pinckney, about the times of British oppression in this country."

Miss Alice Brown, whose literary powers have forced and labored, and sometimes affected. She is most successful in her account of Mrs. Warren's later life, when that lady was producing remarkably heavy political satires and a "History of the Revolution," which is in most respects dry, prejudiced and pompous, with all the formality of her day. The literary efforts of this Puritan Muse brought her much praise. even flattery, from her contemporaries; but posterity knows little about them and cares less They are oftenest remembered in connection with her quarrel with John Adams, induced by his vigorous resentment of some plain speaking in the "History," The old gentleman without warrant for his anger; and it cannot be said that the historian emerged from the fight with unimpaired logic and temper.

At a time when the colonies needed all the patriotism that could be aroused, this member of the families of Otis and Warren was undoubtedly an effective force. Her pen was never quiet, and though her satirieni work seems intolerably dull to-day it was the reverse of dull to the men whom it attacked, defended and incited to wisdom, heroism and love of country, Mercy Warren was for her generation a broadminded woman-though she was not without the nerves, "vapors," gloomy fits and unreasonableness of the weaker specimens of eighteenth century womanhood.

The most picturesque happening in the early life of Dolly Payne was her flight from the terrible epidemic of yellow fever in Philadelphia in the summer of 1793. She was Dolly Todd then, the wife of the Quaker lawyer, John Todd, and she was carried out of the hot, affrighted city on a litter, with her new-born son in her arms Her young husband left her in order to bury his father and mother in the stricken town, and when he returned he brought the pestilence with him. Pretty little Dolly took the infection, when she threw herself in despair into his arms; and when she recovered it was to find that husband and baby were lying in one grave.

As Mrs. Madison this Virginia Quakeress developed a surprising amount of tact and a corresponding ability to win and hold friends. has been no more popular woman in the White House, where her lack of education, of knowledge of the great world and of interest in public affairs counted for much less than the possession of a hospitable soul, amiable manners and the wish to please. Mrs. Goodwin has carefully collected all available details concerning her subject, and has treated them with enthusiasm, if not with invariable good taste and sense of pro-

The Macmillan Company has published a beautiful holiday reprint of "Gray Days and Gold," Mr. Winter's book of travel sketches. The pages are handsomely printed, and are adorned with a artistic illustrations. The text keeps undiminished the magic of a poetic feeling which has rendered Mr. Winter's prose one of the exquisite possessions of contemporary letters. It will be pleasant the successful character of the present reprint should cause the preparation of similar new tions of the author's other books on travel and able he might count upon having fliched from | ney property Eliza Pinckney's daughter. Mrs. | meditation in the British Isles.

RECENT FICTION.

THE BELATED ARRIVAL OF A CLEVER

MARCH HARES. By Harold Frederic, Octavo, pp. 281. D. Appleton & Co. CHE LITTLE REGIMENT AND OTHER EPI-SODES OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By Stephen Crane. Octavo, pp. 196, D. Appleton & Co.

STORIES. By M. E. M. Davis. Hlustrated. Octavo, pp. 276. Harper & Brothers.

SISTER JANE. HER FRIENDS AND AC-QUAINTANCES A Narrative of Certain Events and Episodes Transcribed from the Expers of the Late William Wornum. By Joel Chandler Harris. Octavo, pp. 363. Houghton,

SONNY. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. Octavo, pp. 135. The Century Company.

It is almost electrifying to discover that a writer who has always commanded respect has also a sense of humor, so that one can live with his works. Mr. Harold Frederic gives the reader of 'March Hares" a shock of delightful surprise. Hitherto the movement of his fiction has been uggish; even in "The Damnation of Theron Ware," his best novel, the elasticity of a man a sense of humor was lacking. But in 'March Hares" our author is in fairly sportive and for the first time since he began to write novels he is captivating, amusing, a playful empanion. If from the title of the book we are to suppose that all the characters in it are slightly then "March Hares" is a misnomer. irresistible Vestalla is not mad. Neither is Mossrop, her fantastic lover, nor the quaint Earl of Drumpipes. They are simply human beings flung into the grotesque whirl of such a sequence of situations as only a riotous imagination could debut which such a keen intelligence as M: Frederic's finds no difficulty in making thoroughly natural. We use the word intelligence, because in this book more than in any of its predecessors Mr Frederic seems to be exercising the mere gymastical faculties in his mind, whipping along the dialogue with so much asimation so much fon, so much ingenuity, that the effect of the tale is not unlike that of the conversation of original and dever people. The curious thing is that Mr. gift for airy nonsense. Surely his is a belated arrival. We always knew that he was a capable novelist but now, at last, we know that he is readable, and except that his taste is not yet im percable, failing him early in this book at a point where a clearer insight into a refined woman's haracter would have saved him a false note, he s readable on a plane of greater distinction than has reached in the bulk of his work. "The Dampation of Theron Ware ives hir: a place among the powerful writers of

which he may stand among those stery tellers not mere silly craftsmanship and presence but the dignified art which means a quiet masof the subject in hand. There are few novelists to-day who could have taken such a samer theme as that of "March Hares" an left it so well worked out as it has been in the

to be recorded. The trouble with "The Red Badge of Courage" was that it took a great deal of mannerism, a great deal of "art," and spread it thin over too large a surface. Then, on the strength of the specious encouragement offered some of the critics of that book, Mr. Crane brought his vaunted realism to bear upon urban slums, and straightway sank lower than ever in the estimation of cool-headed readers. In "The Little Regiment" he goes far to redeem his literary reputation from reproach. His descriptive taste is still a trifle florid and artificial; he still has teo much confidence in the style of word painting which his friends have praised for its color and vividness. The color is forced. The vividness But the broad effect of the sketches gathered together in this little volume is unques situations exploited are picturesque and dramatic Miraculous Soldiers" is developed is a stroke which is emphatically creditable to Mr. Crane's iminative instinct and to his skil as a designer he carries a sense of design in his present work must also be stated that the term may be used without any suggestion of hollow artifice in are human, and in the particular narrative to certain artiess verisimilitude which we had thought was quite beyond Mr. Crane. He proves in this down of his rheteric he may earn a position of to more admirable effect, mingling his realism and his romance even more satisfactorily than in his

At this task of interweaving elements of fiction not always supposed to be susceptible of natural combinations, Mrs. M. E. M. Davis has a most accomplished hand, and she shows it with authority in the collection of stories entitled, "An Elephant's The motives in this volume are from prosale Texas, from Southern scenes and from among Southern types, but wherever she has sought her material she has touched it more or less with the warmth of a powerful imagination, and hence she is never commonplace. She might easily have been so, too, if she had seen in the figures of her heen so, too, if she had seen in the figures of her and felt so keenly." This portrays a woman livinitial story, for example, only the raw settlers ing always at concert pitch, and therefore threatenin whose life there would seem to be no obvious hints of romance. But there is an undercurrent of pathos in the life of the Western cabin type which she discloses without seeming to dwell upo and when she tells how Newt Pinson and his family were cheated of their circus treat and went home treasuring just the glimpse of an elephant's track which they had had in the road, she lends her people an attraction which counterbalances the tiresome influence of their dialect. It is really an influence which exhales from the average dialoct passages in fiction. Mrs. Davis is not an average writer; she is original in her conceptions, and has something of a style of her own; the reader were not loyally alert to get what is good out of her book in spite of whatever is had, he would find the mutilated English in which it abounds a perfect soporific. We like Mrs. Dayls best when in delicately humorous stories like "Mr. Benjamin Franklin Gish's Ball," or tragic little dramas like "The Song of the Opal," she minimizes her display of erudition in the paths of dia-

"Sister Jane" is a duli book, and it is a pity that Mr. Harris should have published it supposititious author of the narrative is a bashful good-natured person in whom Mr. Harris would abtless like us to see a type of manly sweetness But Mr. William Wornum is not sweet; he hovers on the brink of the maudiln through chapters long drawn out, and it there is anything strenuous the episodes which are imported into the book at long intervals it is certainly not communicated to him to make him interesting in spite of himself To be sure, "Sister Jane" is supposed to be the central figure in the book, but her aphorisms have a manufactured air, and the strength of character which she is assumed to be remarkable do not impress one by any effective manifestations. Harris gives us to understand that he is writ ing about some intensely human creatures, but they never prove this for him. It would seem, in short, that the author of some of the most excellent pages of discursive narrative in recent American fiction is not necessarily qualified to write a novel. "Sister Jane," which obviously tries to be a novel, is really an amorphous production ramble with scarcely a glimmer of vitality among Mr. Harris puts his knowledge Southern village into his work, and his scenes are well drawn, but they need to be populated by, reasonable beings before they can have any value

The dialect in Mrs. Stuart's "Sonny" is dialect the worst sort, drawling, indicative of pretty low stages of mental obscurity, and quite destrutive of any narrative charm which the author might perhaps have in her possession. Yet "Sonny" | called "John Gabriel Borkman." clear, sympathetic and rendered engaging throughof comicality. The juvenile hero is an original ening is enough to endear him to the reader no grows. It would be interesting to see if Mrs. adhering so closely to the awful speech of his

LITERARY NOTES.

Once more the owlish wisdom and delicate tact which we associate with the "literary executor" may be expected to produce some interesting re sults for the collector of literary curiosities. It appears that Miss Christina Rossetti wrote a story of giri-life at about the time when she wa twenty years of age. This story, called "Maude, is said to be "of a more or less religious tendency. It contains some lyries. A London publisher has got hold of it, and proposes to print it soon. He wags his head solemnly and assures us that he will not put it forth as a work of the writer's maturity. This is, of course, comfort. He wants it to be known that the story is "in many respects immature and crude," but he thinks it will be "extremely interesting to those who wish to study the development of Miss Rossetti's genius." Poor Miss Rossetti! Her own brother comes forward at this juncture, also with solemn waggings of the head, "contribute a short preface," protesting the while that never, no never, would he do such a thing if it were not that the publisher has prom ised to announce "Maude" as a "youthful work." If Dante were living to-day and assigning his contemporaries to various "circles" we wonder where he would put the people who print the posthumous works of men and women of genius who would have died rather than see them made public,

Mrs. W. H. Brookfield, who died in London the other day, was not only the author of several nov-els, "Only George," "Influence" and "Not a Herobut she was Thackeray's friend. It was to her that he wrote the letters which make one the best collections in epistolary literature, and it was as "Thackeray's Mrs. Brookfield" that she promises to be longest remembered. She was the wife of the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, and was highly gifted woman, "an excellent mimle, with



a keen sense of humor," and a great faculty for the telling of anecdotes. She was graphic in her talk, but her wit, for all its spontaneity and originality, was less precious to her friends than her per-sonality. She was a beautiful woman, and it is told of her that once, travelling in Spain, a numbe of young Spaniards were so overwhelmed that they knelt to kiss the hem of her robe. heved to have been Thackeray's model for Lady Castlewood in "Henry Esmond." Her home was full of souvenirs of the novelist and, curiously, his daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, was with her the very afternoon of her death. She was in her the very afternoon of her death. seventy-seventh year when she died, and while she was never an important figure in literature her disappearance has nevertheless been felt to mark the breaking of one more tie between the golder age of Victorian romance and the present time.

Mr. G. W. Cable is said to be contemplating a visit to London for the purpose of giving public readings from his works. This is diverting news. The authors who come from Great Britain to read here have seemed to have had everything their own way. Retaliation has been rare, in fact, practically unknown. Now, for the tide to be turned, with Mr Cable on the crest of the first wave, is something to make the cynical observer of "authors' read ings," in which tenth-rate, as well as second-rate, povelist; have their fling at us, chortle gayly and look forward to a delightful settlement of an old score. London could not expect to go free forever,

Mathilde Blind, makes the rather discouraging statement that during a quarter of a century her conversations with him, which "would fill many volumes," were invariably of the loftlest character. That is to say, she never talked upon any subjec-'that was not connected with poetry or with art or with science or with those great issues of the



THE LATE MISS MATHILDE BLIND.

human story about which she thought so deeply ing to be a bore. But Miss Blind left a less tremendous impression upon other friends; she is described as a more human, lovable woman than Mr. Watts-Dunton found her. Her writings have not taken a high place in modern letters, character was at once strong and gental, and seems to have made her the intimate and admired friend of many of her most distinguished con temporaries.

The serial life of Christ, which was to make its appearance in "McClure's Magazine" during 1897, has been postponed for some time,

Sir Walter Besant's new novel is to be published under the title of "A Fountain Sealed." Whether it is to be pure romance or one of his latter-day studies of life in London is not yet announced. Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, author of "The Sowers," has written another novel entitled Kedar's Tents," which will presently be taunched in serial form both in England and Amer-The new serial written by Mr. Stanley Wey man is to be called "Shrewsbury." The title of Dr. 'onan Doyle's forthcoming novel is to be "Uncle Bernae, a Memory of the Empire."

ries of volumes on ancient history. His "Dawn Straggle of the Nations, Egypt, Syria and Assyria." in which he brings his history down to the end of the Ramesside period. The book will include the The Appletons are the publishers.

M. Got, the doyen of the Theatre Française, and been writing his memoirs. They ought to prove a mine of amusement. He will publish them as the "Journal d'un Comedien," but his experience bas embraced much of the literary and artistic life of Paris, and his pages may be expected to be as

It has taken a long time for the anthologists to get at a task which should have been completed years ago, but it has, at any rate, after all the delay, been put in good hands. Mr. Palgrave, the "Golden Treasury" man, has prepared a minute study of the landscape art of the poets, bringing the subject down from Homer to Tennyson. not strictly an anthology, since the work aims to summarize the subject in a critical manner, but the illustrations are ample, and the book will stand as on the whole a collection of landscape poems passages. The Macmillan Company will pub-

The egregious libsen has written a new play A painitating world is hastily informed that Mr. William Arche is sitting up o' nights to translate the work, which will be put in the hands of English readers early January. It may be noted that "Little Eyolf." which has been bringing the worshippers to their knees in Lendon, has provided the enemy of big theatre hats with a new and expressive epithe The "Rat-Wife" of the play has suggested the name of the "Hat-Wife" for the wearer of impossible headgear. Some sprightly variations on this might be produced.

DU MAURIER.

REMINISCENCES BY HIS SON.

THE NOVELIST HATED THE THEATRE-THE COS-TUMES IN HIS DRAWINGS-HOW HIS DAUGH-

TERS WATCHED HIS FASHIONS-HIS STAGE FRIGHT AS A LECTURER.

It seems peculiarly appropriate, and is a satisfaction to one's sense of the fitness of things, that one of the parts in "Trilby" should be played by son of its author. And Gerald du Maurier, the Zouzou of Mr. Tree's production, now at the Knickerbocker, is exactly the kind of frank, genial young fellow that one would expect to find in his father's son. He has a most attractive way of speaking. and a quiet, keen sense of humor which strongly suggests the happy little touches in his father's writings. It is only a few years since young Mr du Maurier first went upon the stage, but he had played many other, parts before he joined the forces In speaking of the way in which he of "Trilby." came to do this, he said last week:

"I was really under an agreement at that time with Arthur Bourchier and expected to play with his company for some time. One day I met Mr. Tree at the Gar.ick, in London, and he said at

'Oh, Du Maurier, I want you to play with me in "Trilby," will you? So in a short time I got my release from Bourchier, and it was settled that I should take the part of Dodor in Mr. Tree's co pany. He wanted me to play Little Billee at first, but I am much too tall for that part; it would have been absurd. Besides, I liked the part of Dodor for personal reasons, and so did father. He was very anxious that I should play it for awhile, at any rate. You know, Dodor was drawn from life, pretty faithfully, from an uncle of mine, who was in the French dragoons. Afterward, I changed to Zouzou, which is, of course, a better part. "Father never thought that Tribby would be

success as a play when he was first told that it was going to be dramatized. However, he said he didn't care what was done with it, so long as he was not obliged to see it. He always hated the theatre, anyway, and never went unless he had to, for the sake of some one else. But he rather changed his mind later about "Trilby." That is, he thought it was awfully clever to be able to make a play out of it at all, and was quite pleased at the way in which several of the scenes were reproduced. He went to the dress rehearsal, and several times after that.

"As for the book 'Trilby,' my father grew very tired of the furor which that created. Everything in the shops was 'Trilby' for a time-gloves, boots shoe-laces-it was ridiculous, and the very name grew wearisome to him. Personally, I like 'Peter Inbetson' much better than 'Trilby,' and I think father also thought it was the better book of the two. He was very much interested in the new book, The Martian, and preferred it to either of the

Mr. du Maurier spoke with affectionate reminis cence of some amusing peculiarities of his father, upon which the other members of the family found It advisable to keep a strict watch. One of these was the matter of costumes for his "Punch" drawings, and for the illustrations to his books.

"He had not the slightest idea of fashion, or what was the correct thing in dress. People supposed that he noticed those things, of course, and girls used to come to call upon my mother and sters, got up beautifully, and expecting that father would want to put them into his drawings, or would at least get some ideas from them. But, dear me, he hadn't the least notion of what they had on! My sisters looked to it that he got the right things in his pictures. He would come home sometimes and sketch something which had attracted him in a passerby on the street. Often it would be some impossibly queer arrangement, and my sisters would protest: 'Why, father, you mustn't use that in "Punch." Nobody wears those things now; they're dreadfully old-fashioned, and he would give in immediately to what he recog-

nized as their superior judgment. "He was even putting poor Trilby in those Latin Quarter scenes of forty years ago into modern garments, and had to be brought before the family tribunal for that. My sisters had to hunt up some old-style clothes for him to use. He did have models, you know, for the postures and the clothes, bleat. Little Billee's sister, by-the-way, and Sweet

now of whom, which we had in the house father's ignorance on the subject of dress that I tried one day to see just how far he could be deceived. I put on a dress suit, a white waistcoat, a dark-colored four-in-hand tie and high brown boots in fact, got myself up in as incongruous a fashion as I could. He had wanted me to pose for a smart He looked at me when I came in, and hesitated just

a moment as he took in the details of my costum "Is that right?" he asked, a little puzzled, but were wearing that sort of evening dress; that it was the latest and the only proper thing. He was entirely satisfied, and was drawing away diligently when I couldn't keep in any longer, and told him the joke. Otherwise, he would most certainly have

sent that sketch to 'Punch.' " "It must have been a tremendous tax to supply 'Punch' regularly with jokes and caricatures for so many years," remarked the writer, thoughtfully,

"Ah, indeed, you may well cay so," returned Mr. du Maurier with animation. "It's true, people used to send him jokes from all over England, but he didn't use so very many of them. At least three-fourths of all those which appeared were his own. t was a tax. Sometimes it worried him not a little, and to see him walking up and down the room try ing to think of a joke," added the son, smiling in spite of himself at the recollection, "oh, it was awful!

"After his books became so popular he was quite

overwhelmed with letters from all parts of the world. A good many came from admiring women, especially American women, and some of them were vastly amusing. I have no doubt many of them thought he was a young man. Well," reflectively, "he used to let his grandchildren answer most of those. I fancy the writers were gather disappointed. Then there were numbers of lefters relating to the dream part of 'Peter Ibbetson.' My father didn't believe in any of that, of course, though he wrote it perhaps as if he did. But so many people took it absolutely seriously. I don't know how many in-quiries he had about it. 'I have tried sleeping on my back,' one would write, 'with my feet crossed, as you describe, and my hands clasped under my head, but I can't succeed in "dreaming true." plaints used to amuse him very much. He seemed to consider hypnotism an interesting subject, though he never investigated it particularly nor

'Most of the personal characteristics of Peter

they not, Mr. du Maurier?" "Yes; he put himself into all his books;

more directly into that than the others. The dislike of cruelty to dumb animals which he mentions in several places was a characteristic of his. He never young man. He didn't mind boxing, or any sort of reasonable encounter between men, but the idea of hurting helpless creatures, lower in the scale, was very repulsive to him."

In some way the subject of stage fright came into the conversation, and it appeared that George du Maurier as a lecturer was not altogether free from

that distressing feeling. "He was to lecture once at a large hall," said his son, "upon his work as an artist for 'Punch." He went down with my mother beforehand, to look the

place over. The manager took them upon the stage or platform, which was unusually large, and told father that that was where he would stand,

" 'And I suppose,' said father, 'the people who are

father that that was where he would stand.

"And I suppose," said father, 'the people who are to listen to me will just sit around here on the platform, too, won't they?"

"Why, no!" exclaimed the manager in amazement. 'On the platform! My dear sir, this place will be packed to the ceiling and to the very doors,' and he indicated the immense size of the house.

"What!" exclaimed father; 'you don't mean to say there'il be people in all those hundreds and hundreds of seats? Heavens! I never can do it in the world. But he did, and it was a great success. His voice could be heard in every part of the house.

"I have had stage fright myself, and know how it feels. It was before I began to act, and when I was singing some coster ballads on one occasion before a fair-sized audience. I suddenly forgot, in the middle of the second verse, every word of what was to follow. I remember how I wondered whether it would be better for me to rush off the stage and never come back again. All sorts of plans rushed through my head. But I just kept on, making up words of my own in place of the others, and no one ever knew the difference."

This is Mr. du Maurier's first thit to America, and he says he is enjoying it very much. His chief grievance is that he can find so little time to see what he would like. He is especially interested in the performances of American actors, and in connection with this was hoping that Mr. Tree's company would play "A Bunch of Violets" this week. In this play he has no part, and the leisure would enable him to go to the other theatres.